

ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

No. 1736 (New Series No. 14).

Saturday, 10th February, 1923.

TWOPENCE.



SLOPER'S TWO TANK CARMEN.

Poor Pa always keeps an optic on the main chance. With a bit of luck he might have been a great financier, as it is—well—the Huns aren't the only people with a "man in possession." But this is where Pa's brain-wave comes splashing over the rocks. Reading about Tutankhamen's treasures Poor Pa, philanthropist and patriot, decided to present a portion of his priceless relics to the nation and part with the rest at a reasonable figure in aid of a deserving charity, so, employing two tank carmen from the local Council's Water Department to transport them to Russell Square, he commenced excavations in the back garden and the lumber room in the roof, with astonishing results. Tapping a main drain under the duck pond he followed it to its source—in the street outside, making marvellous discoveries en route. P.S.—Later . . . Filling the British Museum, I understand their destination is the Dust Destructor.—TOOTsie.

READ
THE SPLENDID
PAUPER.

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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100

When Father Gets a Job.

If father should be out of work—
Which sometimes is his fate—

We soon see little wrinkles back
With a worried look on his face;
Hard times besides his mouth appear,
Which make poor aunts sob;
But all at once they disappear—
When father gets a job!

It makes, oh, such a difference
To us and aunts too.

When father says: "Blow the expense!
We'll have a good time, I do say!"
Oh, let's go to the pictures, dad!"
"What's that?" he says—"a 'hoh'?"
That's why we children are so glad
When father gets a job!

The sort of food we have to eat
Is different as well,
On Sunday there's a joint of meat—
Real English, we can tell—
A pudding after, if you please!
The teapot on the hob;
And just to finish, there's some cheese
When father gets a job!

At night he comes home cheerful
And joins us in our play;
And we are not so fearful
As we were the other day;
She'll say, "It may seem funny,
But he's different from the mob..."
Well, I know he earns good money
When father gets a job!

101

WOULD NOT DESCEND SO LOW.

They were seated on the front at a fashionable sea-side resort. "George," said the sweet young thing ambitiously, "why don't you save up your money and become the manager of one of these sumptuous hotels?"

"Darling," he sagely answered, "people who are

regarded as the salt of the earth are not to be found in

cellars."

102

NOT HALF.



"So you're brothers, my lad?"
"No, sir—we're twins!"

GIRLS SLOPER HOPES TO MEET.



LYDIA LOVIBOND.

Featuring as "Cupid" in "Trouble on Olympus."
(Date read uncertain.)

103

TRAIN TYPES.

IX.—SWEETHEARTS.

ACCORDING to one's temperament, it may be irritating, amusing, or merely interesting to travel in the same compartment with a courting couple.

It is also an experience which all but the curmudgeon and sport-sport will avoid if it is possible to do so; but in these days of crowded trains it is sometimes inevitable.

The poor possession of an empty compartment train before the train is due to start, the Sweethearts huddle together in the far corner and wait in acute suspense for the journey to begin.

Should one enter, the girl may exhibit some slight signs of confusion, either in the way of dropping her head, or glancing furtively out of the window.

The swain, on the other hand, will in all probability regard the intruder with ill-disguised hostility, but if not abashed by other means, and he finds he must resort himself to the unavoidable,

Then, with a transparent assumption of obliviousness to his surroundings possible only to the deeply ensouled, he turns and bestows the whole of his attention on the object of his affections.

These proceedings are now watched, openly or surreptitiously, by every other occupant of the compartment—for lovers are objects of eternal interest to all, and to the public.

Some peep at them over their evening newspapers, and then glance at one another with looks expressive of tolerant amusement, as much as to say: "We used to do that sort of thing once upon a time."

Others glare at them with open and unabashed curiosity, and sometimes may be seen to snicker at a particularly tender passage.

Under the Sweethearts sit very close together, arms-in-arm and hand-in-hand. He presses his arms and whispers something in her ear, which causes her to smile and look up curiously at him, assuming an expression that may be spontaneous, but seems somehow to mock the "screen."

Perhaps, should they belong to the lower ranks of society, by whom the concealment of natural sentiments and emotion is disdained, she may allow her head to rest on his shoulder, and he will permit his arm to steal around her waist.

Should she wear an engagement ring, be sure her left-hand glove will be removed to display it; and if by chance she has made him a present of a silver-plated cigarette case, he will be certain to produce it and light a gold flake in the manner of a man of the world, watched by her with absorbed admiration, even though she ventires mischievously to blow out the match at the first essay.

Well, they are having their dream of bliss. Don't around them from it. Time will do that soon enough, in very truth.

READ
THE EXPLOSION.

Sloper Songlets.

By "THE BARD."

Dining With Birdie.

Oh, come, Birdie, come and dine with me,
We'll be no lousy as Jolly can be;
I know a chink in famous Soho
Where birdies to dinner can often go.
There in a private room we'll dine
On whatever you please with a bottle of wine.
Come, Birdie, come and dine with me
And spend the swift hours in Jollity.

She looked in his face with her twinkling eye,
And she smiled a sweet smile that was sweet and sly.

As she said, it sounds like a tarry dream,
We'll dine on chicken and pineapple cream,
And then to complete our hour of joy,
We'll have a julep bottle, dear heart, of "The Boy."
So I will go and dine with thee,
And spend the swift hours in Jollity.

They jumped in a taxi and drove away
As sprightly as sparrows so chirpy and gay,
And they had their dinner and drank their wine
And everything went off so merry and fine.
At last it came for poor Bert to pay.
He felt in his pockets, then cried, I say,
I asked you, darling, to dine with thee,
But I never looked forward to misery.

Then Birdie came, we had gaily dined,
And I feel quite happy, you need not mind
If you've lost your wallet, for I'm your friend.
And if you want cash I will gladly lend.
She pulled out her purse and she counted out
The money to pay beyond any doubt,
But if only Bertie had clearly known,
The cash that she had was all his own.

104

THE SHOCK NEARLY KILLED POOR SANDY.

A Scotchman arriving in London was accosted by a juvenile boot-polisher with the inquiry: "Black yer boots, mon, no?"

"Boots, mon, no?"
"Black 'em for a penny?"
"Aww, w' ya?"
"I'll do 'em for nothing."
"All right."

The kid set about his work, and when he had one boot in a mirror-like condition, he turned to the horrified Sandy and said: "Now you'll have to pay me tuppence to do the other!"

105

ON WITH THE DANCE.



"No rest till dawn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

The Splendid Pauper.

[60] L-THE EXPERIMENT.

EDWARD HUGGINS,

tramp, was sitting on a bank by the side of the high road, doing something to his boots. "I give you as I give to a *savvy* tramp, you will have noticed how frequently they sit down and do something to their boots. You will also have come to the conclusion that their boots often want something done to them."



"Didn't I see you in the casual ward this morning?"

One end of the high road stepped into the agricultural town of Spowlow. At the other end on top of the hill, was the union or workhouse. The tramp's chosen spot was about mid-way between the two points.

A gentleman in a Norfolk suit had paused to survey Mr. Huggins and his occupation. Presently he spoke. " Didn't I see you in the casual ward this morning?" he inquired.

" You must be 'done'." The tramp's answer was non-committal and his bearing rather shifty.

" I think I heard you complaining about your bad luck."

" I often do."

" And you said you never had a chance."

" I don't know when I had one last."

" Do you know who's with the stranger, 'I'm rather interested in your case'?"

The tramp lifted his eyes, for the first time, and looked at him. " And who might you be, when you're at 'ome'?" he inquired.

" Major Hardy is my name. I'm a magistrate, and I was visiting at the union this morning."

" Oh!" The tramp's lips closed with a snap, and his face rose to the "great magistrate" as a wond-erful effort on some unknown.

The Major smiled. " I'm interested in your case," he said, " because I heard you say that the only thing against a poor man is clothes. You said, if you were well-dressed, you wouldn't need to worry any more, but could give as good a living as the best of us. D'you know? I'm inclined to think there is some sense in your remarks?"

" What a wonder!" mottled Mr. Huggins.

" Do you think you could do well if you were dressed in good clothes?"

The tramp pulled on his boot and gazed upward with pained protest. " Look 'ere," he murmured, " are you 'aving me on 'tous'?"

" Not at all. I want to help you. I want to try an experiment."

" I want to experiment on me?"

" If you think good clothes will help, I'll fix you up. I clothes are all you want, you shall have them."

" A whole suit?"

" Certainly."

" And collar—and tie?"

" Everything."

" And—and a top 'at'?"

" And a top 'at'?"

The tramp had almost risen in his excitement. But he fell back again. " It's too good to be true," he said. " I'm dreaming."

" Wake me," said the Major, " and come with me. I won't give you any money."

" Give me the clothes; that's all I want. I'll soon get the money."

" Honestly, of course?"

" Of course," said the tramp.

" Come along," said the Major.

" I'm in luck at last," cried Mr. Huggins. " Give a poor man good clothes and leave the rest to 'im."

II.—THE MISUNDERSTANDING.

When Mr. Huggins left the residence of Major Hardy, he no longer looked like a tramp. He wore a frock coat, smart trousers, patent boots, a collar and tie, and other things to match.

The clothes were not new, but they were all strictly presentable. The Major had lent him a razor.

He swaggered in the direction of the little town as though the world was at his feet.

III.—THE EXPERIMENT.

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" I give you as I give to a *savvy* tramp, you will have noticed how frequently they sit down and do something to their boots. You will also have come to the conclusion that their boots often want something done to them."

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ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Hello! Hello!!!-Ullo!!

TOOTsie



WRONG number? Of course I'm not a wrong number! I'm a subscriber—one who pays for many dozens of calls which she never puts through!—trying to get a number.

Will you give it to me, please? I shall report this to the Supervisor or oil! is that you, Lardi? My dearest, why have a telephone if you don't answer it?

Oh! it's no use—that you were having a bath and that the water was running! You couldn't have been bathing for all the time I've been calling you—nor if your body were even twice as fat and expansive as it is!

Well, I've run up to tell you that my engagement to Lord Bob is finally broken off.

No, I've not returned the presents because those which I haven't eaten or worn, Panna has—er—taken temporary care of. (He often takes temporary care of my jewellery when the rent is considerably over due.)

But all is over between us, and my empty heart is looking for a new tenant.

What has happened? Yes, you may well ask!—and I may as well tell you, now I've had a lid call for the express purpose of doing so!

"I hate these Dress Parades—they always make me want what I haven't got," I said to Bob, shortly before the show began, and while we were sitting at a table drinking tea.

"Oh, I like 'em," replied Bob, in his most irritating and argumentative way, as he sipped a whole cream bun into his mouth.

That annoyed me.

"Very well, then," I said. "I'll leave you here to watch the wriggling, squirming, swaggering idiots while I go into the lounge and write a few letters and do some telephone calls."

Bob made some rejoinder, but I didn't wait to hear what he said.

I just went straight up the gorgeously-carpeted stairs and was turning into the lounge when Roddy kept himself come rushing up to me.

"Oh! Tootsie, do a pal and help me!" he cried.

"How?" I asked. "What's the matter?"

"Oh! the Countess Milleville, who shows off all the bedroom garments, has suddenly got ill, and there's no one to take her place. And the rip-offs she sports are the most applauded in the whole show! It's awful unless—unless my dear pal Tootsie Sloper will help me

"Me? How me?"

"You are exactly the Countess's height and figure and colouring, and if you were wearing the mask no one would know. Will you?"

"How much?" demanded business-like me.

"A thousand!"

"Nothing doing for less than a tenner, old bean."

"Eight—sporty—a tenner?"

"Done! Come on and get rumped up, because the show is due to begin."

So, into the dressing-room I went—and then into my special cubicle where my rigs-outs were all ready in the order in which I had to wear them.

No. 1—A "Honeymoon negligee." (Oh! my dear, what a dream of everything that could be seen through and looked as though it was slipping off, but wasn't!)

No. 2—Bath Gown. A poem! Rose-pink and mist-blue towelling—and to be worn over silk tights and in such a way as to suggest that there was nothing underneath!

No. 3—Corsets and petticoat, partly covered by a silk dressing-clothes. Very enticing! Most seductive.

No. 4—Blue silk pyjamas trimmed with white

The Bath Gown, too, made him sit up, and when I climbed at the folds as though I was afraid it was falling off, he actually sprang up to help me. (Ugh! the libertine! I could have bashed his head!) *

The corset-and-petticoat get-up positively made him look like a man, and he managed to look back and give a pressure against my arm as I was I suppose to rip! I could have squashed his face in! *

Then last of all came the Pyjamas Suit, and when he glided round in this I chose Bob as the one before whom I would give the longest turn of preening and prinking.

His eyes glistened, he smacked his lips, and then when at last I went back to the dressing-room I found him following behind.

"Here! Hi! Please! I do want to speak to you," he said in a throaty whisper.

I turned round, and as I did so there was a snap of cloth and my mask fell to the ground.

"Portrait of a man!" he spluttered. "Yes, a nice sort of 'darling'—but you go chasing minnequins to the doors of their dressing-rooms! Good-bye! I've finished with you forever!"

And I meant it!

Of course, I've just had an impassioned letter from him, swearing that he only wanted to speak for the purpose of ordering the pyjamas as a present for me, but I don't know if I shall accept the explanation.

I may—it all depends upon himself.

If he writes a cheque that will pay for three sets of everything I wore in the Dress Parade, I may forgive him.

In fact, I do feel I shall.

I've a sweet forgiving nature, haven't I, Lardi?

Haven't I? Lardi, haven't I? I have, haven't I?

Oh! if you can't answer, I can't wait!

(Bang! Click!)

106

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY.

The happy-eight bus was going up Ludgate Hill, and the individual inside the door in a red tie and a bowler was expounding Socialism, equality of opportunity, Karl Marx, and the like.

"Rummy thing," said the conductor, "there's me and my brother Bill. We both started life together. He ain't got no brains to write 'em about. Yet today he's forgiv' right ahead, and 'em are I a-punchin' ticks—oleoplystic erl behind."

"Good gommon!" gasped the Trotsky one. "What is he doing?"

"He's drivin' this 'ere bus."

106

WHAT THE FUTURE HELD.

Gilbert: I say, old fellow, do you believe in prognosis?

Fibber: No, can't say I do. Why?

Gilbert: When I was going to get married I went to the registrar's, and, instead of giving me a marriage license, he gave me a dog's.

Fibber: And what did that portend?

Gilbert: Well, I don't say exactly that it portended it, but I know I've led a dog's life ever since.

107

SAFETY FIRST.

A man rushed into a Strand chemist's at the busiest part of the day and inquired of the proprietor, "You are a pharmacist, are you?" To which the latter replied, "I am."

"Been in the business a number of years?"

"I have."

"Registered?"

"Yes."

"Is that your diploma hanging over there?"

"It is."

"Well," (with a sigh of relief), "you may give me a pound of borax."

108

THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

"That cock of yours," complained the irascible neighbour, "woke me a dozen times last night. I don't think people living in a crowded community ought to keep fowls."

"We don't keep fowls," retorted the man on the other side of the fence equally angry. "That was our baby!"



"I went and stood in front of Bob."

Well, the other afternoon Bob suggested that we should turn into Beano's Club for tea and a few frosts.

You know, Beano's is run by Eddy Kepp, and lately he has been trying to make a hit of a splash by having a parade of Masked Minnequins wearing the very swankiest frocks ever made in Paris, Vienna, and America.

(Why masked, did you say? Oh, I am told it really is because a lot of smart hard-up Society girls are taking part in the show, and if they are masked no one will recognise them and know what they are doing.)

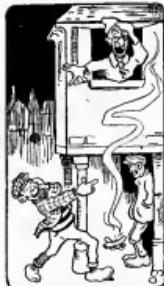
monkey fun! (Oh! my dear, to think there are people in the world who wear culots and fanlette—big and full and hemmed and buttoned up to the chin!! Ghosts of pre-Victorians. Don't it make us shud!!)

Well, the Dresser masked me and fussed me up, and when a fur wrap and pearl-studded dinner-gown had been shown off, I made my first appearance in the negligee.

Ob! such applause my dear! And when I went and stood right in front of Bob and lit the neghie half wriggle of a head, he fairly looked as though they were dead.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

OLD MOSES AND HIS FIRE ESCAPE.



The burglars lit a fire and shouted to Old Moses to throw out his valuables.



HAWKER: 'Ere y're, buy the won-
derful wriggling monkey! The
wonder of the age! Only a tanner!

TESTY GENT: No!

HAWKER (with scorn): Garn! You
don't know what you do want.



LADY: I have been recommended
here. Can you guarantee the latest
fashion?

TAILOR: Certainly, madam—and a
splendid fit.

LADY: Excellent. Then I want
you to measure my little dog for a
valour coat.

WAITING.



When love and youth exist together,
small matter is the wintry weather.



He took their advice.



Then he followed down the
escape.



With the sad result that the
burglars had the lot!



"But her hair is like spun gold."
"Yes—fourteen carat."



BARBER: Was the razor all right, sir?

BUTCHER: Shouldn't have known it was a razor.

Thought it was one of my knives.

H. T. MICHAEL

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.



HOW GREAT MEN GET THERE—MR. JUSTICE DARLING.

SIR CHARLES JOHN DARLING, who was born December 4th, 1806, is a great legal personality. No one who sees and hears Judge Darling in the King's Bench Court IV., would imagine that he has passed the allotted span of three score years and ten. Time has treated him kindly, and, like good vintage port, he improves with use. Called to the Bar in 1814, he was Conservative Member for Deptford from 1855 to 1867. Deptford's "Little Darling," as he was called at Election time, was then appointed Judge of the King's Bench Division and Knighted. His name became associated in the public Press with jokes, and he was looked upon as the "judicial jester." Known as a composer of light verse, his works include "Scintillae Juris," "Seria Ludo," "On the Oxford Circuit," etc.



PORTER (announcing station): Machynlich!

PASSENGER: What station did you say?

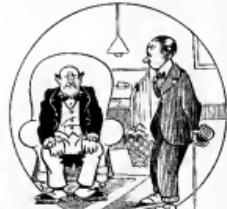
PORTER: Machynlich!

PASSENGER: Are you quite sure?



HORACE: There's one good thing about this weather: it does hide the holes in one's boots.

THE ORATOR: Hold on, I say. There's a good time coming.
A VOICE: Can't you fix the date, guv'nor?



EMPLOYER: And what can you do? Have you any special talent?

APPLICANT: Er—no, none that I can think of except—er—I'm a true knock-kneed'd.



CIRCUS PROPRIETOR: All boys I catch like this I give to the lions, LAD: Boo! Let me go this time, sir, and to-morrow night I'll get all the fattest boys in the place a-crawling under the tent.

Ghosts Seen By Sloper.

THE EMBARRASSING APPARITION OF THE LADY

"TACT, respectfulness, and courage are the three great attributes you require whenever you are suddenly confronted by a ghost," said the sage of Shoe Lane as he laid down his pipe. "I remember how these qualifications, along with the presence of mind and sound common sense, for which I am remarkable, saved me from being a laughing stock. I had the privilege to meet with one of the most awesome apparitions that caused my face to blanche, but which, had I been beautiful and unmarried, would have undoubtedly made me blush."

"Some years ago, in the middle of a very hot summer, I was invited by an old friend to spend a week-end at his small, prettily-arranged old house, dating from the sixteenth century. It was within easy access of the popular watering place I and my family were patronising that season."

"My friend was a jolly old chap, who might have been the prototype of Mr. Pickwick's boy, Mr. Wardle, of Dingle Dell, and I can assure you we had a high time together on the evening of my call."

"The old place was a picture, when we retired to rest, and, as is customary for all men with good consciences and dispositions, I slept the sleep of the just, until I was aroused by the servants bustling about in the rambling old house, the barking of dogs, crowing of cocks, humming of bees, and other noises, which make the sweet English country so peaceful and restful to those who like myself."

"It was very warm, so I thought I would commence the day by taking a bath. I jumped out of bed, donned a dressing-gown, and went to the bath-room, which I found in a recess at the end of a long corridor."

"The bathroom, although the morning was bright and sunshiny, was very badly lighted, as there was only a small window of blue glass."

"Judge of my astonishment when, on entering the apartments, I saw a young and beautiful woman, whose form was almost enveloped by her long black hair, standing at the foot of the bath, gazing intensely, it seemed to me, at her reflection in the water."

"The situation was a most delicate one! Wishing to spare the lady's blushes, I merely said, with my accustomed tact, 'Good morning, Mrs. Wardle, I am sorry for entering; I thought the bath was unoccupied.' With these words I turned my back, and was about to make a dignified exit. As I turned to close the door I saw the lady vault into the water; but, to my surprise, I heard no splash."

"I returned to my room and contented myself with a good wash, dressed, and joined my genial hosts at breakfast."

"At breakfast I chaffed my jolly friend about the lady I had unwittingly surprised in the bathroom, and knowing he was a bachelor, asked him to introduce me later."

"To my surprise he looked grave, and his ruddy complexion assumed an ashen hue."

"Great heavens, Sloper!" he exclaimed, "you have seen the ghost of an old friend of my mother. Many years ago she came on a visit here, suffering from acute melancholia through being creased in love or some other feminine folly, and drowned herself in that very bath. Poor girl, suicide whilst of unsound mind was the cause of the coroner's inquest, which my people (I was then a tiny boy, kept from becoming known to the public) were unable to solve."

"Thirty years ago a servant girl we had saw her as you did; and a friend of mine who is deeply interested in the occult, declares that she only manifests herself to persons who were born in May or December. Now, as I was born in May, so I came under the category of those to whom the unfortunate lady made her visit."

"There is only one thing to do, my dear old friend," I said, after I had listened to his remarkable recital. "That poor lady's ghost must be laid. She must be prevented from haunting your house, old chap!"

"I wish to heaven it could be done, Sloper," he said.

"It can and shall be done, I replied.

"Don't talk nonsense, Sloper. How can you cope with spirits?"

"I've had experience of them. It is my fixed resolve to take a bath in that haunted room, and, before long, the ghost will never venture to get into that bath again."

"I did so, and from that day to this the ghost of the lady has never been seen."

"This I have demonstrated, to my own satisfaction at least, that with tact, respectfulness, and courage, you can deal with any sort of spook, ghost, or goblin that may suddenly appear even in the most unexpected places."

— 10 —

Miss Oldbird. Don't let your dog bite me, little boy. Little boy (with a pug nose): No.

Miss Oldbird. But he is showing his teeth.

Little Boy (with good teeth): Certainly he is, miss; and if you had as good teeth as he has, you'd show 'em, too.



DOT (recently a bridesmaid, and now playing at "weddings")—And does 'oo take this woman to be your awful wedded wife?

LORD BOB'S WEEKLY INDISCRETION.

THE other evening, dear chappies, I took Tootsie to a party organised by Mrs. Marvel de Spook.

I wasn't awfully keen on going myself, because I know that the ladies there are "sophomores," "ladies," "calm," and "mild reading," and, personally, I prefer a nice dance with some shaded corners for "sitting out." However, as it happened that Tootsie wanted to go, of course I had no option but to join up.

When we arrived (at half-past nine) Mrs. de Spook greeted us most cordially.

"I'm awfully late in time," she gushed. "I've got a perfectly wonderful person here. He does the most amazing things—quite amazing. He is Professor Bumham and is going to give a special manifestation in a minute. Come in. You mustn't miss it on any account."

And a few moments later we were in Mrs. de Spook's drawing-room, where I expected to see a long-haired gemini-man who would have done with a shiver. This was the great Professor Bumham, Mrs. de Spook's latest dad.

When we had all been seated, the Professor advanced to the front, so to speak, and habbed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am now going to endeavour to demonstrate to you the power of Mine over Matter. I shall concentrate all my will-power upon some object—say, by which means the object becomes invisible. It may be an object you wish to conceal, but by my will-power I shall hope to divine its presence. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall ask you to observe, for a few moments, complete silence."



DEALER (pointing to chair): Now, there's a nice little antique, sir; comfortable, and as pretty a leg as you could see.

INDIGNANT LADY: How dare you, sir!

There was a flutter of excitement among the ladies, a gasp of "Oh!" from Mrs. de Spook, and then, while the Professor clasped his brow as though he were ill, there was a long, dead silence, such a silence that you could have heard an acid drop.

Three times the Professor, with hands gripped to his forehead, strode up and down, muttering strange words. Then, suddenly, he pounced forward, grabbed me by the shoulder, dived his dirty hand into my breast pocket, yanked out a package and gasped:

"Everybody screamed with excitement, and, before I could do anything, Tootsie had torn open the package and stepped to view a very dainty jewelled bangle.

"For me, Bob!" she cried. "How lovely. I say, isn't Professor Bumham perfectly marvellous?"

Tootsie has got that bangle, dear chappies, and now I must buy something else—for, well, never mind who.

And it wasn't until I got home that night, trying to think what I would do to Professor Bumham, if I ever had the good luck to meet him alone in a dark country lane, that I remembered stealing my hand into my pocket and suddenly coming across a bangle which was nothing about "concealed objects," and so on.

Tootsie says that she means to go to Mrs. de Spook's next party, but I fancy that I shall be out of town that day or "laid up" with "flu. No more for me, thank you.

More Memoirs of
Stirnot Homes.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.

By HIS FRIEND, DR. WHATSON.

II.—THE EXPLOSION.

THE flat in Baker Street was full of fog and shag smoke. My friend, the celebrated detective, Stirnot Homes, was churning out a melancholy air on his Strad—bought for eighteenpence at the Farringdon Market some years ago. The ladybird's cat stirred uneasily on the tattered hearth rug, seeming in the musical mood to murmur something in the tones of a fallen sifina. Myself, Dr. Whatson, the chronicler of those chronic chronicles, was busy feeding my testubine menagerie of tame germs on a decoction of thyroid and Brand's essence of beef.

In short, all was peace, if not quiet. Then, suddenly, without warning, there was a loud report, which caused me, friend, the incomparable detective, to start rashly. He looked across at me with an expression of reproof.

"Whatson?" he inquired in his even tones, "I wish you wouldn't jump at the least sound. It gets on my nerves. Pass the cocaine."

"I did nothing," I retorted.

"Don't lie, Whatson," interrupted Homes. "It doesn't suit me. You don't do it gracefully. Besides, it doesn't come in the part you have to play. I dare-say you are wondering what that noise was which caused you to start so violently."

"I tell you I did nothing—" I once more interposed.

"Don't interrupt. Control yourself," rebuked the celebrated sleuth. "The percussive sound which we both heard suggests a problem not entirely devoid of interest. The question that first arises is—what caused it."

"It was—" I began.

"To arrive at what it was actually caused by," remonstrated the giant intellect, "it is as well to proceed in a system of progressive elimination. In other words, to decide first of all what could not possibly have caused it. You follow me?"

Homes delicately brought his attenuated finger-tips together.

"I tell you it was merely—" I began.

"Don't interrupt my train of reasoning, please," murmured the giant. "You represent—" It was not the bursting of a motor tire, for it is obviously impossible for such an accident to have occurred in this room. It was not a piece of coal—because ours is a gas stove. (By the way, we must recollect to pay last quarter's account before March!);"

"—you don't know what it was—" I attempted once more.

"It was not a starlache, because neither of us wear corsets," proceeded the giant intellect; "neither was it the electric light bulb, for we are not left in darkness. Nor was it the harmless, necessary domestic cat, which, whilst capable of giving utterance to explosive sounds, does not emit noises of that particular character."

"It would only listen to me a moment—" I interjected.

"Do not try to reverse the roles," said Homes plainly. "You may understand me if you wish, but don't attempt to play my part when I am on the stage. It was not my revolver, because our good friend Mr. Attenborough has charge of that, lethal weapon at present. Nor was it the chestnut because we are not wasting any. Nor was it the report of a legacy. It was too real, too unmistakable for that."

"If you really want to know what it was," I once more essayed.

"We shall know in a moment," replied Homes calmly. "My system is infallible. Control your childish impatience. We have carefully eliminated most of the possible causes of the detonation which occasioned you such alarm."

"It wasn't me who—" I began indignantly.

"Grammar, Whatson, grammar! " It was not I who would sound far better from a man of your profession."

"Grammar be blessed!" I cried, losing all patience. "Whilst you are meandering on with your idiotic deductions, time is getting along."

"Time is always getting along," Whatson, returned the imperturbable tracker calmly.

"But the houses will close in about ten minutes," I insisted.

"What if they do?" asked Homes, still undisturbed. "We are not afraid."

"We've been without the last half-hour," I cried.

"What?" shouted Homes, springing to his feet.

"I thought we had—"

"Yes," I said bitterly, "we had; but now we haven't. While you were mummeling on about that nonsense!"

"Which, by the way," said Homes, "was the breaking of my E string."

"Nothing of the kind," I retorted. "It was the bursting of our last large Guinea, which we reserved for supper!"

"What?" yelled Homes. "You idiot! Why didn't you say so before?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't understand. Dash round at once and get another." "Nay, sir," I said.

"What's the matter?" I asked, stretching my hand.

I had never seen Homes part with greater speed.



GLADYS GWYNNE.

Featuring in "Distraction."

(To be released shortly.)

—(to)—

THEIR MIS-TAKE.

When John from Gloucester came to town
They thought they'd caught a pop;

But, if one tried to take him down,
He'd promptly take him up.

With all the boys he hustled about,
And soon they ceased to grim,

For anyone might take him out,

But none could take him in.

Now never a jester dares to scoff,
For hard's the lot of John,

And all he swears, who take him off

Will have to take him on.

—(to)—

GOOD EVIDENCE.

"Have you anyone in Court who will vouch for your good character?" asked the Magistrate of a man charged with a petty offence.

"Not a soul, sir," said the defendant; "there is the head constable."

The head constable was amazed.

"Why, your Worship, I don't even know the man," he protested.

"Now, sir," broke in the culprit, "I have lived in the town for twenty years, and if the head constable don't know me yet, isn't that a character for you?"

—(to)—

THE REASON.

Cuthbert: Have you any reason for doubting what I say?

Archibald: Yes, I have.

Cuthbert: Tell me, my pet, what is it?

Angeline: I don't believe you,

MY LANDLORD.

By MURDOCK STIMPSON.

THE other day Jeremiah Pott, my Landlord, came home, bearing a huge case, containing the dried-up corpses of about fifty butterflies.

He had better have had a dozen and Maggie and his two offspring were spellbound by the galaxy of colour flushed from their hundreds of wings.

At dinner, the case reared itself up from the side board and caused more interest and twisting of necks on the children's part (for the sideboard happened to be behind them than the beautiful fat dinner itself did, and if Horace had not suddenly attempted to swallow a large portion of it, he would have been the victim of his mother had rammed the handle of a fork down his throat and shifted it. I verily believe his face would have been at the rear of his neck).

Now, this case of dried butterflies had a most wonderful effect on Jeremiah. It seemed to elevate him; it seemed to fill him with a great object to enter into the lives and haunts of all insects, and to study what he proposed to do.

That evening he spent driving into some mossy old volumes he had picked up at some second-hand bookshop, on "Ants, Beetles, Moths, Their Haunts and Habits."

I found him the next morning hawking about the cracks and holes in the garden wall with the end of a stick.

"I've found one or two interesting species," he remarked, on observing me standing near him.

Holdings up a pickle jar, which had a piece of perforated zinc as a lid, he displayed some small objects racing round and round the bottom.

I agreed to accompany him into the Haunts of Nature that afternoon. Hamptead Heath was to be his field of labour. With a bag containing three jam jars and one cocaine jar, we found ourselves on the widest part of that charming resort.

Sitting on a tree trunk, smoking, I watched him searching about some hedge. Suddenly he popped something into his jam jar, passing me a smile of satisfaction as he did so. Down he bent again, diligently



searching under leaves and dead twigs. An old gentleman, taking a walk, stopped to inquire if he had lost anything. I couldn't help but laugh, as Jeremiah displayed his jam jar of insects, explaining the reason of his visit.

Just after that, his excitement rose high. He dashed with his hands, and twisted about in the dry, shallow ditches.

"I've got it!" he screamed, leaping up, and racing towards me.

He had, too, firmly fast on one end of one of his fingers.

"It's a star beetle," he almost screamed, as he wriggled to extort its talons from his finger.

Finally, it wriggled its way round the inside of the other jam jar, as he inquired of a chemist on our way home if the punctures would give him blood poisoning.

We arrived home at last, and setting his bag or jars and their contents on a shelf in the kitchen, he answered all the questions I had in regard to his thickly-wooded field of labour.

It was about seven o'clock. Jeremiah, his wife, and myself sat peacefully reading by the fire-side, when the most terrible screams arose from the regions of the kitchen. The next second the door flew open, and in rushed Horace, closely followed by Maggie.

Before their mother could question them, Jeremiah, with a look of terrible dread upon his face, dashed out of the room. I realized his thoughts and quickly followed him.

There stood the bag upon the table. A jam jar lay in it. The lid had been removed and the jar was empty!

The crunching of broken glass under our feet told us where the jar was that had contained the star beetle. Several insects were creeping about the table, and Jeremiah, clutching at his neck a moment later, seizing a broom handle, he fathomed as much as he could find; then, taking the cane, he disappeared in the direction of the living room.

The cat found the stag beetle, some time later, firmly fixed on her paw!

(To be continued.)

He: Stunniing hair, that girl over there has. I should think when she undoes it it would fall below her waist.

The (Sealions): Yes, right on to the floor.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

WHEN THE BOOT IS ON THE OTHER FOOT.



When Jones failed, his friend Brown advised him not to worry about it.



So Jones did not worry. He welcomed his creditors with a smile instead.



In fact, he learned how to become so light-hearted about little little worries.



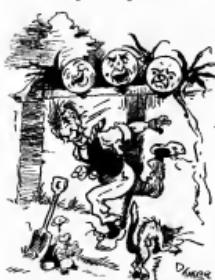
—That when Brown failed, and needed sympathy, Jones very nobly handed out the same brand to Brown as Brown had handed to him.



THE
WINTER
GIRL.



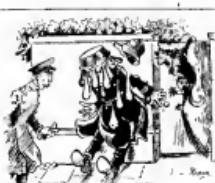
"Yes, darling, they are beautiful balloons. They will frighten Uncle!"



But the man in the garden saw them first, and got the fright of his life.



ROBERT: There's a lovely pie up there, Robert.
ROBERT: Yes, dear; I'm just edging it off.



ROBERT: But the inspector came on the scene unexpectedly and upset Robert's calculations.

HELP!



WOULD-BE DANCER: Give us a show-off, ma'am!

HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Famous Trials of Two Hundred Years Ago

(A Series of some of the most atrocious crimes in the annals of English Law.)

7.—Christopher Johnson and John Stockdale.

Executed at Tyburn, July 3rd, 1753, and Their Bodies Hung in Chains ter Murther.

In the account of Johnson, we trace his birth to Newgate; he was the son of one Roger Johnson and his wife, who were prisoners on a charge of defraud. Soon after they obtained their liberty, the father died; and the mother sent the child to her relations at Berber, who, having given him a tolerable education, apprenticed him to a soldier, but, at the expiration of three years, he ran away, and travelled to London.

On his arrival he went to some of his mother's relations, who persuaded him to return to Derby; but, due to their advice, he procured some elegant false ideas of wealth, he procured some elegant clothes, and frequented the gaming-houses, where he soon made the most unscrupulous connections, and arrived at the head of his profession.

From the practice of gaming, he took to that of forgery, at which he was remarkably expert in the imitation of the hands of other people to notes payable to himself; by which he repeatedly acquired money, but still escaped detection.

His dangerous ways, so that he sometimes arrested persons whom he had committed forgeries, and compelled the payment of the money, by having people ready to swear that the handwriting was that of the party whose name was subscribed to the draft.

The following is one specimen of his devices. He forged a note on a lady of considerable fortune, and signed her name to it so like her writing, that she almost discredited her own sight when she read it. Johnson arrested her; but she knew she had given no

On the following day these ill-fated youths met at the appointed place, and made a contract for their mutual destruction. At this time Johnson was under twenty, and Stockdale not eighteen years of age.

Stockdale agreed to accompany Johnson; and the next day they hired horses and rode towards London, whereupon the two young ruffians separated, and having wasted the time till night, they tied their horses to a hedge, and being armed with pistols, they knocked at the door, which being opened by the old gentleman, Johnson presented a pistol to his breast; and told the master that he must expect immediate death if he did not give up his silver. Johnson was then compelled to remunerate a number of robbers on the roads of Essex and Kent.

It is now proper to mention the crime for which they suffered: a murder equally barbarous and unprovoked. They took two horses in Hothorn, and having rode to Emmington, turned up a lane where they met a postman who was carrying letters round the neighbourhood: the man good-naturedly opened the estate for them to pass, when Johnson demanded his money and watch, which



"The soup sounds good.

I won't have any."

such note. She bailed the action, and prepared to stand trial; but the guilty man declined all further proceedings.

During this abandoned course of life, he became acquainted with the daughter of a man who kept an ale-house in the Strand; and they were privately married in the Fleet; but, animosities soon arising between them, they proceeded from words to blows, the consequence of which was, that they parted, and his wife became a virtuous and upright widow.

After the Johnson took to pickpocketing and other low practices of defraud; but a miserable poverty still attended him, for what he got dishonestly was soon spent in dissipation. At length he met with Stockdale at Sadler's Wells, and agreed to see him next evening at a house in Holborn.

Stockdale was an unattractive person, who gave him an excellent education, but was too fond of him to hat strict guard over his conduct, which might have been essential to his future welfare. He very soon showed a disposition to idleness, which was not properly checked by his parents, who would not permit his schoolmaster to chastise him for his faults.

When he saw his error he determined, in consequence of the advice of some friends, to send him to a proctor in Doctors Commons, where he hoped to hear of a speedy reformation in his manners.

Stockdale, however, was of too idle a disposition to brook confinement. His extravagance exceeded the bounds of his father's allowance, and he borrowed of his acquaintances to supply his immediate wants.

In this he went on, frequenting places of public diversion, and the whores who lent him money teased him for a return of it; and he was at a loss for further resources, when he met Johnson at Sadler's Wells as above mentioned.

he held out to them, and at that instant was shot dead by Stockdale.

The murder was no sooner committed than they hastened to London, and thought the country was alarmed by what had happened, they rode on the following day to Hounslow, where they dined. After dinner they called for their horses; but Stockdale was so intoxicated that he at first fell from the horse, but was replaced.

The magistrates having by this time sent out a number of constables, the murderers were taken into custody, and carried before a magistrate, where Stockdale acknowledged his guilt; but by this time Johnson was so drunk that he was incapable of his committee.

Stockdale's master heard of his unhappy situation; he immediately wrote to his father, who, coming to London, had a very affecting interview with his son, who exclaimed, "Oh, sir, how shall I look you in the face? What disgrace have I brought upon you, what destruction have I brought upon myself, and what punishment for me in this world, what in the next, God knows."

The father advised him to an early preparation for the awful fate that awaited him, and refused to fasten his hopes with that pardon which could not reasonably be expected. He comforted himself accordingly, and intended to have gloried guilty, but was afterwards induced to do so.

When brought up to receive sentence of death, John- son was so weak that he was indrawn with a chain. Stockdale kept up his spirits with decent fortitude until his crue met those of a gentleman near him, with whom he had lived, when he burst into tears, and concluded in great agitation the remainder of the awful time, frequently beating his head and breast in a violent manner.

Johnson was so extremely debilitated that he could

pay no attention at the place of execution to the preparation of his seal for another life; but Stockdale prided ferently and made a pathetic address to the populace at the fatal tree.

After hanging the usual time, their bodies were taken down, and hung in chains. The purpose for that purpose were making, when an order came from the office of the Secretary of State that they should be hung in chains on Winchmore Hill, where they were accordingly placed—a terrible example.

Soon after they were hung in chains the following advertisement appeared in the "London Gazette":

"General Post Office, Oct. 25, 1753.

"Whereas an anonymous letter has been sent to the Right Honourable Thomas Earl of Leinster, his Majesty's Postmaster-General, in the following terms:

"My Lord,

"I find that it is by your orders that Mr. Stockdale was hung in chains; now if you don't order him to be taken down I will set fire to your house and blow your brains out the first opportunity."

"Thursday, October, 1753."

"A reward of one hundred pounds is hereby offered to any person who shall or may make a discovery of the names and parties concerned in writing, and in such a shape as to be easily known, so that he, she, or they may be convicted thereof, together with his Majesty's most gracious pardon to any accomplice who shall make discovery of same."

"By the order of the Postmaster-General,

"GEORGE SHELVOKE, Sec."

The incendiary was not discovered; Stockdale's remains continued on the gibbet; and the Postmaster-General and his house remained in safety.

—jol—

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

"Sitting-worth of liniment and sitting-worth of ointment," asked the boy at the chemist's.

"Want them tied in separate packages?" asked the chemist.

"Yes, I think so," answered the boy. "One is for mother—she wants to mend the teapot."

"And the liniment for father?" said the chemist.

"Yes," said the boy. "He is what mother broke the teapot on."

—jol—

FREE ADVICE.

A man with the crop halted a doctor on a quiet street-corner.

"Doctor," he said, coughing violently, "what ought a chap do when he's got the crop?"

The doctor's eye emitted a steely light at the thought of being bounched out of a free prescription.

"Such a man, my friend, ought to consult a good physician."

"Thanks, doctor," said the sufferer, as he took his leave.

—jol—

FOR PEACE AND QUIETNESS.

Just now is the Amateur Theatrical Season. "Were your theatrical entertainments for charity a success?" asked one girl of another recently.

"Yes, dear, we took five pounds one shilling and sixpence!"

"Splendid! You must have had a large audience."

"No, we took eighteen pence at the box-office and father gave us five pounds never to do it again."

—jol—

BAAH!

"Jane, can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?"

"Mary."

"Now, Lucy, who followed Mary?"

Lucy (absent-mindedly): Her little lamb."

—jol—

REVENGE IS SWEET.



The shopman next door, suspecting the sausages maker of killing his cat, sends the boy in with it: "Ere you are, sir; this makes up the dozen you ordered."



SHE: Just look at her now! On the stage with me she only had \$5 a week; but now on the \$10s she gets £100.
ME: But surely a woman deserves compensation to refrain from speaking.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.



MOTHER: Why did you fight your playmate so late at night?



"Did you tell Bob Smith I was a liar?"
"No. I thought he knew."